

# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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MAY 18, 1919

## Darby's Find.

BY EFFIE EGBERT.

### A THIRD "ARCH AND BETTY" STORY.

EVER since last summer Aunt Patty likes the mountains so well she doesn't want to live anywhere else, and now that her ranch is leased to rice-men, she can do it. She has bought eighty acres of orchard land in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada mountains, twenty miles south of where we were last summer. It seems queer to call them foothills, because they're ever so high, and steep too, with cañons in them. From Aunt Patty's place you can see the Giant's Gap, and nobody can say that it isn't a mountain. It looks exactly as if a giant had cut through it with a perfectly enormous knife, and you can look through the split place and see other mountains so far away they look blue. I love them when they look like that. We look at the Giant's Gap about a hundred times a day.

Aunt Patty's orchard is a mile from town. There's a big hill,—mountain I call it,—with the town at the foot of it on the east side, and Aunt Patty at the foot of it on the west side. Arch says that if the same giant that cut out the gap would come along with a big auger and bore a tunnel through, we'd only be a few blocks from town.

There are only five acres of Aunt's orchard in bearing, but those five acres have an awful lot of trees on them. Arch and I counted 386 Bartlett pears, 324 Hungarian plums, 500 Tokay grape-vines, 2 fig-trees,—a black and a white,—11 apricots, 4 peaches, 3 apples, and 1 nectarine. The other seventy-five acres have pines, oaks, two madroñas, buckbrush, chaparral, manzanita, and in a shady place loads of Mariposa lilies.

I'm glad Aunty isn't going to have the land cleared. I just love to explore it. In one place we found an old Indian burying ground with colored beads scattered over it, and we found some arrow-heads in another place and Arch has found about a dozen springs of water.

Aunt's house is a funny old thing. There were three rooms in it, but she had the partitions knocked out, so now the whole house is just one long room. There's a fireplace in one end, and Aunty had a big window put in the other end and you can see all the mountains around through it. She has the dearest bathroom—not tiled or anything like that, but just wood, built outside of the house, and just below where the water runs from a spring. She uses

an old woodshed for a kitchen, and we each have a tent to dress in and sleep outdoors under the trees. I just hate to go to sleep at night, for the air is so soft and nice on your arms and face and you can see the stars high up through the trees. Aunty says it's camping out and we'll have to put up with it until after the war, because it wouldn't be patriotic to build a nice new house now. And anyway, she wanted to look all over the place and pick out a good building site where she is sure of a big water supply.

I love it living this way. It's lots of fun cooking in the shed and eating under the

white. His left leg is broken and he holds it up all the time. He has only part of his left ear, and he hasn't any left eye at all. It makes him look awfully one-sided. When he sits up with his limp left paw and cocks his head so he can look at you with his right eye, you almost feel sure he's saying, "Won't somebody like me a little bit?" And Arch does it, only not a little bit. He's crazy about that dog. He lets it follow right at his heels everywhere he goes, and it sleeps beside his bed at night. Arch asked Ben what the dog's name was, but the Indian only grunted, so Arch thought a long time for a good name and now he calls him Darby. Aunty and I hate to say it, but we like Darby, too.

One morning Arch went up on the big hill and he sent Darby back with a note to us tied to a string around his neck. The note said:

"Come see what I have found."

We went right up. Arch was standing under a big oak and he pointed to a place just beyond that looked as if it was a room with young pine-trees for walls. He didn't speak a word, just pointed, but when I saw I screamed, I was so delighted, for what I saw was what I love—tiger lilies, loads of them. They were inside the place that looked like a room. Arch said there were a hundred of them, but I counted a hundred and fifty, and Aunt Patty counted eleven more. Aunt Patty said right away that she was going to fix it for a sitting-room for me, because I had helped her to do the dishes every time and made the beds every morning. She had Ben build some benches with legs for backs and some rustic tables. She said it would be a quiet place for me to study, for Arch and I are going to stay with Aunt Patty all summer and go to school in town.

We talked about the room all afternoon and how we were going to fix it, and that evening we went up there again. Before we got quite up to it, Aunt Patty turned round to look at the view.

"O children! Look!" she said, and clasped her hands together. It was the sun setting behind the treetops on a hill away off to the west. And in between were lots of other hills with a pinky, lavender light all over them. We liked it better than Giant's Gap.

"This," Aunty said, "is my building site. Oh, what a glorious view!" Then she began to make plans for the house she's going to build after the war. "I'll have a wide cement terrace between this oak and



"This is my building site. Oh, what a glorious view!"

trees. Aunty cooks and I help her, but Ben—that's the Indian Aunty hires—is going to get her an Indian girl next week to do the cooking.

Arch likes Ben. I can't think what makes Arch like Indians so well. He says it's because they're not always chattering. Of course I know he means me when he says that, but I don't care. Ben never says "yes." He gives a kind of grunt when he means it. One morning he brought his dog, and when he was going home in the evening he gave it to Arch. Arch said, "Thank you, Ben," just as if he meant it. The funny part is that he did, too. But Aunty and I laughed at anybody meaning "Thank you" for that dog. He isn't a very big dog, and he's yellowy-



that one and they'll shade it so we can watch this splendor every evening in comfort"—then she dropped her hands, looked kind of queer, and said, "Oh!"

"What's the matter?" Arch asked.

"The water supply," Aunt said. "That spoils all my plans. There's no water here."

After that, every time Aunt came up to my tiger-lily room she'd look off to the west and say, "To think of this glorious view going to waste!"

Arch felt awfully sorry for Aunt Patty. He didn't say much to Aunt, but he'd pick Darby up and say, "Darb, are you sorry too?" I forgot to say Darb had only part of a tail, but he'd wag what was left every time.

Aunt Patty asked an old miner, who lived near us and knew all about running water in pipes, if it could be pumped up from the springs in the hollow. The old man shook his head and kind of laughed at Aunt Patty. "Too far, too far," he said. "Got to get your house down where the water is."

Aunt Patty said she just couldn't give up that view, and when Daddy came up to see us she showed it to him. He laughed at her, too, but Aunt Patty said:

"It's the only spot I've ever seen where I felt that I could live all my days. You don't realize how I love it."

One Sunday evening when we were there Aunt Patty said, "Now Darby, stand up and tell me how sorry you feel for me." We had to laugh, because no one could have wanted Darby to look any sadder. Pretty soon he ran off up the mountain and stayed away from us ten or fifteen minutes. When he came back Arch looked at him, and really I thought Arch's eyes were going to pop right out of his head. I couldn't see a thing, but Arch said, "By Jingo! Christopher Columbus!" and he walked right up to Darby, staring as hard as he could, took up his paw and felt of it. Then he yelled "Houp-a-la!" and started up the hillside on the jump with Darby.

Aunt Patty said she wondered what was the matter, and then pretty soon we forgot about it, because we were planning to have some book-shelves nailed to the pines in my tiger room. When it was beginning to get a little dark and time to go home, we heard Arch up the mountain-side. He was yelling "Houp-a-la! Glory, Hallelujah! Good dog! Good dog!" We looked up there, and Arch was hugging Darby and patting him and hugging him again and acting exactly as if he was crazy. "Hurry up!" he said. "Hurry up here and say 'Thank you' to this dog! Good Darby! Good old Darb!"

Aunt Patty laughed and said she hoped Arch hadn't taken leave of his senses, but we went up. Arch held Darby out to Aunt Patty and said: "Feel of his paw. Feel of it."

"Yes," Aunt Patty said. "What of it? It feels wet, but what of it?"

"What of it?" Arch laughed. "What of it? Where'd he get it wet? He came up here dry, didn't he? It means, Aunt Patty, that Darby has found your water supply for you, and here it is."

Arch pointed to a kind of rocky place where the ground was wet ever so far around and looked kind of boggy and the grass was all green. "That's a spring," he

said. "When it's dug out, you'll have your water."

It was a spring, and a big one, too. The next day Aunt Patty got the old miner to go up and look at it. He took off his hat and scratched his head and said:

"By gum! To think I've lived near this for forty years and never knew of it! And that ornery Injun dog finding it out."

He worked nearly two weeks digging it out and walling it up with rock and putting pipes in. Aunt said she was going to have that much done so she could get the grounds around her house started. The man said that the spring developed a miner's inch of water and that that was an awfully good flow.

Aunt Patty was wild with joy. She kept hugging Arch and Arch kept hugging Darby. Aunt Patty said she was going to build the finest dog-house ever known, for Darby. But the old miner said:

"That dog'd feel more to home in an Injun camp than in a fine dog-house. You better keep your money to spend on that smart nephew of yours. He's the one that found the spring."

And Aunt Patty said she thought he was right.

### The New Mother.

HE wondered if her hair was brown like teacher's,

Or whether, like his grandma's, scant and thin.

He wondered if the picture on the mantel

Would not be hurt to see her coming in.

He wondered if his curly dog would hear her

And race out, barking, where the pansies grew;

And whether just a little boy should fear her

And stay inside, or go to meet her, too.

He wondered if the house would seem as empty,

Or whether there would be no place to play.

He wondered if she wouldn't try to keep him

When wander-voices called him far away.

He wondered, too, if daddy still would love him.

If, when the stars had sparkled out the blue,

She'd sing a little, friendly song above him—

The ring of wheels; she kissed him and he knew.

ABBIE CRAIG, in *Youth's Companion*.

### 'Fraid-cat Harry.

BY MARIAN WILLARD.

"**F**RAID-CAT, 'fraid-cat!" called a taunting little voice, shrill with mockery.

"'Fraid-cat, 'fraid-cat!" the other boys echoed.

To the pale, shivering little fellow crouched by the fence, it seemed that the whole world was mocking him.

Then the small boys returned to their sport of teasing, their attention diverted for the moment only.

"Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater!" they resumed, yelling and dancing toward the simple-minded lad, who was sawing wood, a lad with a back as strong and a heart as kind as his skin was black, and that was very black indeed.

"Peter, Peter!" yelled the boys.

"Black Peter, children-eater!" they hooted, and Black Peter, with open mouth,

shining teeth, and eyes staring, with white eyeballs, started with a mighty yell toward the howling little group. The boys ran, scattered, returned, and the whole comedy was repeated until some new game suggested itself, and the "gang" ran like a pack of fox terriers to worry some new victim.

"'Fraid-cat Harry" still remained leaning against the fence, but stole away quietly by himself when he was sure that the gang had departed. After he crept into bed that night, he saw the dreadful black face, staring eyes, and open mouth of Black Peter and heard the taunts of the boys.

Harry was only nine years old, and in his short life in the country he had seen no people of the colored race. Now that the family had moved to Milleville, Harry was not sure which he dreaded and feared the most, the taunts of the Mullen Lane gang, or the sight of Black Pete, roaring and charging at his tormentors. Big Mike was the gang leader, the ruler, without question, of his followers, who, left to themselves, would not have dared to attempt the exploits which they ventured under his leadership.

Each afternoon the game was repeated, each afternoon Harry shrank against the fence, while the others jeered at Black Peter. Harry was afraid to run away, and afraid to join the yelling, hooting mob around Black Pete.

One afternoon, Big Mike varied the fun. "Hi, fellers, let's give 'Fraid-cat to Pete," and in an instant the gang started toward little Harry.

Harry saw them coming, and jumped to the top of the low fence back of him. The boys came whooping and howling after him. Frantic with fear, Harry leaped down the further side of the fence, and landed. A sharp pain shot through his foot, and then he knew no more.

The next thing that he heard was a soft voice he did not know, saying, "Now then, honey, you is all right, just dizzy, I reckon." Harry felt soft fingers gently taking the boot from the leg which pained him fearfully. Strong arms lifted him, and he opened his eyes.

There he was, in Black Peter's arms, and somehow he did not feel one bit afraid. In the arms of Black Peter, whom he had feared above any human being whom he had ever seen!

"Now then, honey, I is goin' to carry you right home to yo' mammy. I knows ye. Yer the boy what ain't never sassed Black Peter. I'll carry yo' home right away quick." And the great simple-minded fellow bore Harry home in his arms, carried him upstairs and laid him on his own little bed.

"No, massa, I don't want no pay," he said in answer to Harry's father, who offered him some money for his care of the little lad.

"He done hurt his foot 'cause he wouldn't call Peter names," and the giant black boy strode up the street, muttering to himself.

The following afternoon, when the boys started their game of tormenting Peter, he turned on them in earnest. Big Mike, the leader, he caught and spanked soundly and well before all of his awe-struck gang. Never again did Big Mike recover his authority. Never again did the fallen leader receive the homage of his gang. A well-spanked leader could not hope that the boys would do his bidding.

By the time Harry's ankle was mended, and he limped among the boys, Big Mike's gang had dissolved and both Big Pete and Harry were left in peace.





GOATHERDS IN SWITZERLAND.

## That Useful Animal, the Goat.

BY FELICIA BUTTZ CLARK.

**D**IFFERENT countries, different customs," is an old saying. Another one is, "When you are in Rome, do as the Romans do," or, in this case, insert Naples, when we are considering goats. These practical but not romantic animals flourish in Naples.

It is a very common thing to see flocks of goats being driven in from the fields near the city, or brought down from the slopes of Vesuvius into the city, just after dawn. One hears the patter of their feet and the tinkle of the bells on their necks.

Going out a little later, one will see the goatherd on the corner, milking one of the animals, while a girl waits for the warm liquid which with a piece of black bread will make her a hearty breakfast and a very nourishing one. She may have bought two cents' worth in her cup.

What on earth is the man doing? He is driving a goat into the door of that house and upstairs. Patter, clatter go the hoofs of the goat on the stone steps, until the man comes to an apartment, rings the bell, and there before the eyes of the mistress milks his goat.

"Why does he drive the goat? Why not carry up the milk?" I inquire.

"Because the lady prefers to have it without water," he answers with a laugh. "Are all milkmen honest in your country? I once knew a goatherd who wore a big smock-frock or blue blouse. Underneath it he had a rubber bag of water and down his arm ran a tube."

He paused.

"I understand," I answered soberly.

In Greece and all the semi-Oriental countries the goat is a very important animal. It eats little and can live where a cow would die of starvation. It requires little care and produces milk which has fine nutritive qualities. Some goats yield as much as four quarts of milk a day and the peasant finds them invaluable.

Goat's cheese is found all over Europe, but more especially in Italy, Greece, and the Balkan States. In Italy it is white and creamy. In Norway I have eaten it with breakfast, yellow and sweet, sliced off in thin shavings with a sharp knife.

As long ago as the time of Moses, the goat was a part of the patriarchal family.

In the story of the escape of Israel from Egypt under the leadership of Moses, the people were directed to take a lamb "from the sheep or from the goats" for their passover feast.

Not only is milk obtained from goats, but so many other things that we might consider it as useful to the people of Europe as the reindeer is to the Laplander. Out of its skin is made leather, used for shoes or gloves. The herdsmen make coats of the skins, which are warm and protect them in storms. The hair is made into ropes which will not rot in water and are very strong.

The horns are cut into knife-handles and similar articles, and the fat is unequaled for making candles.

Many are the varieties of this plain but useful animal, which is a species of antelope and resembles also a sheep. In the Alps of Switzerland the wild goat lives among the rocks, on the borders of the snow-field. There is also the Rocky Mountain goat, with long white hair and rough-finished horns.

But best of all for the uses of mankind is the old-fashioned goat that does not disdain the battered tomato-can if there is nothing better in sight to eat and yields fresh, warm, nourishing milk.

## How the Mayflowers Came.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

RETOLD BY H. G. DURYEE.

**L**ONG ago when the world was young and there were not so many flowers as there are now, Peboan, the winter manitou, sat alone in his lodge.

His hair was thin and white with age, and his eyes were dim, and though he was wrapped in the furs of the beaver he shivered from the cold that pierced the ragged tepee. Moreover, he was weak from hunger, for the game of his land had gone elsewhere and he had eaten nothing for many days.

At last he appealed to the Great Spirit.

"Help me, Great Spirit," he cried, "help Peboan, the winter manitou. He is old and he has no food and his feet grow heavy."

And then he waited, crouching over his tiny fire, trying to blow its dying embers to a flame. And presently a wind soft and warm touched his cheek, and the door of his tepee was lifted, and there standing before the opening was a beautiful young girl. Her eyes were like the brown of the hills when the spring comes, and her hair was as black as the breast of the crow and it fell around her like a blanket. But it couldn't hide the dress she wore, which was of grass and young leaves.

Peboan, looking at her, said:

"I have called to the Great Spirit and you have come. What can you do?"

The maiden answered with another question:

"What can you do, yourself?"

The old man's eyes flashed with memories.

"I am Peboan, the winter manitou," he said, "and I have stilled the waters with my breath. I have made them hard as real stone."

"And I," said the maiden, "I am Segun, the summer manitou. My breath unlocks the streams, and as I walk the flowers grow where I step."

Then Peboan tried to boast.

"I shake my hair and snow covers the land and the birds fly away."

"When I shake my hair," said the maiden, gently, "the warm rain falls and the grass grows thick and the birds come



SOME ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOATS.





# THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

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Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

7 UNION STREET,  
NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. I am twelve years old. I have two brothers. We read *The Beacon* every Sunday and enjoy it very much. Our minister's name is Rev. Laurence Hayward. My teacher's name is Mrs. Thurlow. I like her very much. I am thirteen years old next month. I am in the choir. Sometimes we go up to the big church on Pleasant Street to sing. Our choir teacher's name is Mrs. Chafner. I would like to join the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,  
GERTRUDE EVELYN SHORT.

HENSHAW STREET,  
LEICESTER, MASS.

My Dear Miss Buck,—I have not taken *The Beacon* very long, but I like it very much. I enjoy reading it. I would like to join the Beacon Club. I would also like to wear the button. I go to the Unitarian church. Our minister's name is Mr. Wellman. He is away doing war work. We are a very small church, but the Ladies' Alliance has sent me *The Beacon* for a year.

Yours sincerely,  
PAULINE MONTGOMERY.

back with songs. Alas! Peboan, winter manitou, the Great Spirit bids me tell you that your days are ending and your time of sleep has come."

Peboan, hearing these words, tried to lift his shoulders beneath the weight of furs. But he had no strength. His eyelids drooped over his dim eyes, his arms sagged at his sides, his knees bent, and his whole body crumpled to the ground.

Then Segun very gently waved her hands and little by little the old man and his furs grew smaller and smaller until they had entirely vanished. And the sun grew warmer and warmer and a stream by the door murmured as it sped along. The bluebird and the robin came back and sang. And in the place where the lodge had stood a beautiful tree sprang up covered with many leaves. Most of the leaves were green and glossy, but some of them were covered with ice. Seeing this, Segun picked the ice-covered leaves and put them in her hair. And when they had been in her hair a little while they turned to flowers with a faint sweet fragrance. And Segun took them in her hands again.

"I will drop them," she said, "so that children may find them and know that I have been here even if the snow is still on the ground, but I will tell the brown leaves to tuck them in so they will keep warm."

And through the woods and over the hillsides she walked swiftly scattering the beautiful blossoms that we call the may-flower, or trailing arbutus.

17 MIDDLE STREET,  
SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I want to join the Beacon Club. I like to read the papers very much. I am ten years old and am in the sixth grade in the grammar school. I go to the Grace Episcopal Church. I started to go to Sunday school when I was four years old.

I have four sisters and two brothers. My father died with the influenza. I nearly died with it, too.

I will be very proud when I have the Beacon Club badge to wear.

Yours truly,  
ESTHER NICHOLSON.

DUBLIN, N.H.

My Dear Miss Buck,—I am enclosing an enigma.

I belong to the Beacon Club and wear my button all the time.

I visited Boston three days last week and went right by the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,  
JOHN R. GLEASON.

Other new members of our Club are Verna Southwick, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Christine Waite, Windsor, Vt.; and, in Massachusetts, Lowell S. Walker, Jr., Amherst; Sanford Moss, Lynn; Mary Dufton, North Andover; Ernest and Gustab Peterson, Westford; Dorothy and Norman T. Provost, Woburn.

## "Why Papa is an American."

[A school at Syracuse, N.Y., asked those of its pupils who were children of foreign parents to write an essay telling why their parents came to America. The excellent response of one of them is here given, taken from *Americanization*, a bulletin of the Bureau of Education. It will help you to understand the feeling of some of your own schoolmates and their foreign-born parents.]

"MY name is Jennie D'Agostino. "My parents came from Sicily. When my father first heard of America he wanted to come to this beautiful country. Very soon he came here. After a while he sent for my mother. He came for a good living, good wages, and good schools for his children so they could be educated people.

"Thirteen years after my father came to America he earned enough money to buy a little house and a little farm. Now he has found that America is a very pleasant place in which to live. He seems very happy. He thinks and we all think that America is the best place to live. He is very glad he has come to this country, and he hopes to live and die here. America is the best country in the world.

"America, America, I hope I will never, never have to leave. You are the one I love, you are the best on earth."

Washington taught the world to know us; Lincoln taught us to know ourselves; Wilson is teaching us to know the world.

CHARLES GRANT MILLER.

## RECREATION CORNER.

### ENIGMA LXVI.

I am composed of 19 letters.  
My 6, 7, 14, is a kind of stitch.  
My 5, 6, 3, 4, is an adverb.  
My 8, 17, 10, is a young male.  
My 2, 15, 4, is a fowl.  
My 8, 13, 11, 5, 9, 4, is a city.  
My 1, 17, 19, is unhappiness.  
My 5, 4, 5, is an explosive.  
My 16, 13, 18, 19, is where we all live.  
My 12, 19, 4, 5, is a coin.  
My whole will be a joyful day in the United States.

JAMES T. CARTER.

### ENIGMA LXVII.

I am composed of 19 letters.  
My 13, 8, 9, 11, 5, is what we all like to ride in.  
My 1, 3, 19, 18, 15, is a girl's name.  
My 6, 19, 16, 9, is what children like to play with.  
My 10, 7, 12, 9, is not hard.  
My 14, 2, 4, 4, is where many people work.  
My 17 is a vowel.  
My whole is the best organization for girls.

NANCY LINCOLN.

### CHARADE.

(The "two last" are two syllables of one word.)

In my first, my two last is welcome, they say.  
Three hundred years since 'twas the very same way.

They who, in my whole, had come to our shore

Spied with rapture my whole which they'd ne'er seen before.

M. L. S.

### BEHEADINGS.

I am composed of five letters and represent an emblem of royalty. Curtail, and I become a bird. Behead, and I become disorderly or arranged in order.

Selected.

### WORD SQUARE.

1. Scarce.
2. A member of a race.
3. Rich.
4. A boy's name.

JAMES T. CARTER.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 31.

ENIGMA LXII.—The Victory Loan.  
ENIGMA LXIII.—Napoleon Bonaparte.  
BURIED CITIES.—1. Paris. 2. Washington. 3. Lisbon. 4. Montreal. 5. London. 6. Baltimore.  
SPRING BIRDS.—1. Bluejay. 2. Robin. 3. Crow. 4. Bobolink. 5. Nuthatch. 6. Flicker. 7. Meadow lark. 8. Sparrow. 9. Bluebird. 10. Junco. 12. Woodpecker.

## THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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